

# My Way Home

Kanye West

Yeah

I'm on my way home

They say home is where the hate is  
My dome is where fate is  
I stroll where souls get lost like vegas  
Seen through the eyes of rebel glasses  
Pray to god that my arms reach the masses  
The young smoke grass in grassless jungles  
Rubberband together in cashless bundles  
We wear struggling chains  
Divided only hustle remains  
Making sense of it we hustle for change  
Revolution ain't a game  
It's another name  
For life fighting  
Someone to stay in they corner like Mike Tyson  
Hypes fighting for hits to heighten they hell  
Don't he know he only get as high as he fell  
Show money becomes bail  
Relationships become jail  
Children are unheld  
I wish love was for sale  
Behold the pale  
Horse got me trapped like r. kel', I bail and it-

Might not be such a bad idea if I never, never went home again  
I'm on my way home  
I left three days ago  
But no one seems to know I'm gone  
Home is where the hatred is  
Home is filled with pain and it  
Might not be such a bad idea if I never  
Never went home again.